THE NEW REPUBLIC

Literature on the Couch

Irving Howe

Castro and His Critics

Samuel Shapiro

Contesting the Election

The Editors

Anglophile Nonsense

Christopher Jencks

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Dollar Reflex

★ Day-to-day life continued calmly after the hairbreadth 1960 election. Citizens went about their business as though this were an ordinary transition of power instead of a grim awakening. Some few, perhaps, reviewed circumstances before the youngest man ever elected succeeded the oldest.

The outgoing Administration had ingeniously shackled the economy without producing that stability for which its restraints were intended. Living costs rose, production (as measured in GNP) lagged and the alarming figure of October unemployment (delayed till after the election) increased. In 8 years the prudent men had achieved 3 recessions.

There was little evidence that these things disturbed the President as his term drew to an end, but the dollar was another matter. This was an emotional reflex, something to protect for his adored grandchildren. The connection between gold and the recession was direct: In each of three cycles, when the Administration had achieved the business slowdown it regarded as compatible with "stability," it met the consequent unemployment by lowering the interest rate. But when the US interest rate declined the gold moved to foreign countries where a boom was proceeding and the hire of money was larger.

With growing uneasiness Eisenhower had seen this gold hemmorhage for three years and had met it with exhortations but not decisive action. Postponing until just after the election the news that in the 1960 third quarter the drain had reached the alarming annual rate of $4.3 billion, Eisenhower dispatched a tragicomic mission to Bonn, headed by the most influential member of his cabinet, Treasury Secretary Anderson, who epitomized the clash between conservative objectives and modern reality.

All or Nothing

★ The trip was a climax of conservative frustration. For years the Administration had preached fiscal soundness yet had balanced the budget only thrice. Its deficit of $12.4 billions in 1958 was the highest ever achieved by any President in peace. Cost of government had risen; so had the national debt, and now the very dollar was weakened.

The Anderson trip would have brought savage comment from a portion at least of the press in any other Administration, but here (as always for the hero-President) criticism was generally muted. State and Defense departments watched as the Treasury once more took command. Military dependents abroad would be returned home and West Germany, facing an election, was suddenly asked for an immediate $600 million grant on an all-or-nothing basis. There were evidences of something like Administration panic as it made its demand on Germany, in a form which, as Joseph C. Harsch reported, "violated a cardinal rule of diplomacy. The Germans were not informed privately, and in advance of the arrival of the mission, of the main request to be put to them."

The dollar was one thing, however, and domestic concerns were another. To many of the latter the outgoing President was majestically impervious. While a school integration crisis flared in New Orleans, news from the President's vacation spot in Georgia told of golf, cards and quail shooting. The President who had used the word "God" in more speeches, more frequently, than any predecessor, found no reason to assert moral leadership in such affairs.

Yet now there was this matter of the dollar! It touched him to the quick. The mortifying chain of recessions could be somehow blamed on Democrats; the extraordinary 1958 deficit was accidental; Soviet success with Sputniks was temporary; the repeated preference of voters for the opposition party save when he himself ran was a matter of politics of which he made no profession to understand. Even the defiance of Cuba could be attributed to machinations of atheistic Communists who, no doubt, would yield to God-fearing nations in time. But this drainage of gold (actually a relatively minor problem) struck home. Somehow, somewhere in the past frustrating eight years he dimly perceived something had been terribly wrong in economic policy.

A man of patriotism, integrity, warmth, charm and humbleness in his own fashion, he had sought to run the White House by delegated authority as a commander operates through a chief of staff. His concept of America still reflected the homely virtues of his Abilene boyhood, 60 years before. What was happening now he did not understand – more dangerous, did not realize that he did not understand. Some glimpse of truths previously omitted may have come to him in his final months in office, though the election, muddled primarily by the religious issue, obscured them. Like his conservative advisers he wanted to leave Kennedy only as much room to maneuver as there was between the latter's 50.1 percent of the popular vote and Nixon's 49.9 percent.

Nothing Squandered

★ He looked to Gettysburg retirement with mingled feelings. As President he loved the ceremonial living, the access to captains of industry on terms of equality, and above all, great crowds cheering his slowly advancing open car as he stood erect, hands uplifted, with a face beaming benediction! At such moments he felt that by his goodwill alone he could solve international problems. He would never forget his triumph in India. But why had they not let him come to Tokyo? He could not understand.

He retired January 20 amidst national plaudits. No President – not even Washington – was so revered; none had been so cherished by the press. His Age of Goodwill would become a myth to be remembered afterwards with longing. How easily he handled problems – by delegating them; how relaxed he had been – he had spent more time away from the White House than any other executive. His popularity was undiminished for he could honestly say that he had not squandered it on any difficult or unpopular cause. And no President in history had left more unsolved problems for his successor.

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There is an uneasiness, this time, beneath the surface of what is in most cases the quietly magnificent process by which the American political system accomplishes the transfer of power from one administration to another and especially from one party to another. Because it is unpleasant, there is a tendency to pretend it is not there, and that the election of November 8 is settled. However, the Republican pressure for recounts in Illinois and some other close states is a substantial fact. The agitation in the South for an organized defection of electors from Senator Kennedy is occurring at a time when emotions are inflamed there and when further foreseeable Federal steps in behalf of school integration and an end of race discrimination in voting may inflame them more. The threat to try to throw the election into the House of Representatives by depriving Mr. Kennedy of at least 32 of the 300 electoral votes he now has is a reality. Such challenges to the Election Day results in a Presidential year are so unusual, so horrendous in their implication of national anarchy, so unique in the experience of almost everyone now living that their potential is not fully understood. It is only by consulting the history of such episodes as the Adams-Jackson contest in the House in 1825, and the almost incredible Hayes-Tilden dispute of 1877, that one can imagine the consequences. Inevitably, there are set loose such ignoble forces, ranging from unbridled ambition in the grand style to the pettiest kind of place seeking, that the electoral process is contaminated and the Presidency itself made vulnerable to a stigma (like that incurred in 1877) which is never wholly removed. "Bargain and Corruption" is one chapter heading in the history of the Adams-Jackson affair, and one which could have been applied with more pertinence to the Hayes-Tilden case.

Placing the present situation in perspective suggests three thoughts: (1) Any actual corruption in the Presidential voting must be found and purged from the results, and any gross error, however innocent, must be caught and corrected; (2) Southern defection of Kennedy Electors in numbers sufficient to throw the election into the House must not occur; and (3) the way to prevent it from occurring – and this is a clear lesson of history – is to decline to make the slightest move toward trading, which is all the Southerners want. They cannot hope to elect a President of their own in the House. They could not rationally have the purpose of electing Mr. Nixon. All they have to sell is the threat of being a nuisance, and all they want to buy is a compromise of principle on civil rights. If compromise is held off the market, they

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are not in business for a minute – and they know it.

The Kennedy camp, for what may be tactical reasons, takes the public position that the two challenges, Republican and Southern, can be ignored. It is doubtful that they can really mean this. Mr. Kennedy is keenly aware of his political environment, and until a report of the meeting of the Electoral College on December 19 shows him to have a majority of at least 269 electoral votes, his preparations for taking office, including the formation of his government and the announcement of his choices, must be under some inhibition. This itself is an unfortunate consequence of the unsettled nature of the November 8 victory, for the world wishes to know who the new men are and the designees themselves need to get at their novitiate under the retiring government.

As to recounts, the attitude of the Kennedy group seems to be that if the Republicans want to spend all that money, fine. In Cook County, the Republicans did put up the money for a comparison of tally sheets with voting machines, with the result that Kennedy's lead was slightly raised. Grand juries may be appealed to, the four-to-one Republican Illinois state canvassing board may choose to intervene (it has not yet) and even attempt to withhold certification of the Illinois electoral vote; but, the Democrats say, the official promulgation of the Cook County results (by Democratic election boards) settles the matter. This City Hall morality is accented by reminders that if the Cook County returns perhaps include a touch of fraud, then so perhaps do the downstate Illinois returns, and it all washes. And so on through the other disputed States.

This may be true, but it still won't go down. Any political realist knows that in close elections, rigged voting *could* be decisive in such states as Illinois, Texas, New Jersey and New Mexico, to take four the Republicans are concentrating on, and where changes in state results could change the national verdict. The challenges having been brought, the issue in each contested state must be settled, and before December 19.

As to the Southerners, it may be said that one action already taken by Mr. Kennedy assumes an importance not attached to it at the time. That was his refusal, on November 21, to offer the Louisiana legislators any comment on the New Orleans school conflict or on future policy toward judicial enforcement of integration. The request was an open invitation to political blackmail, quite in the tradition of 1825 and 1877, and was commendably scotched. By rigorously avoiding such traffic, Mr. Kennedy can head off defections in Louisiana or Georgia, defection for its own sake, carrying no reward, and reinforce the only workable principle of electoral responsibility – that a pledged Elector has a moral contract with the voter to support the candidate under whose aegis he ran.

"Victory" in the Congo

Guinea President Sekou Toure's complaint about US partisanship in the quarrelsome Congo is a case of the pot calling the kettle black, but President Eisenhower's platitudinous denial is equally fatuous. In New York last week, the United States delegation openly directed the power play to seat President Joseph Kasavubu's contingent as the official delegation of the Congo – so openly that a State Department aide distributed Mr. Kasavubu's news releases. And in Leopoldville, Americans – not always official ones – freely discussed their contributions to the solidification of the conservative, anti-Lumumba front in Congolese politics. The Western powers, cooperating with Belgium, appear to have concluded that the threat of a Communist takeover was so serious if matters were allowed to take their natural course – *i.e.*, if Lumumba were allowed to return – that an emergency alternative had to be contrived.

The tide may have been turned. Colonel Mobutu, the Congo's "strongman," has become President Kasavubu's Chief of Staff, and, while the exact working relationship between Mobutu's "College of Commissioners" and the government of Kasavubu's Prime Minister Ileo are still obscure, a working relationship there now seems to be. Katanga province's Belgium-supported Moshe Tshombe says he will cooperate with the strengthened Kasavubu-Mobutu grouping in developing a new federal plan that would incorporate his secessionist state. Whether this means the beginning of a more constructive period in the Congo or the forerunner of a new and bloodier conflict will depend in large part on whether Mr. Lumumba's external supporters (including the Soviet Union) decide to throw in the towel or to reinforce his cause with direct assistance. Mr. Kasavubu, having been so warmly embraced by the West, will have to consolidate his position very rapidly if he is to survive the "neo-colonialist" taint.

Meanwhile, what price has the US paid for Kasavubu's victory? The vote in the General Assembly to seat his delegation – 53 for, 24 against, and 19 abstentions – showed only 10 out of 25 African members of the UN voting with the US. The 10 affirmative votes included the Union of South Africa and nine states closely allied with France. Six African states (plus India and Iraq) were among the 24 voting against, and seven African countries (including the normally pro-Western states of Liberia, Tunisia, Somalia and Ethiopia) pointedly abstained. Two Africans were absent. The representative from Nigeria – fiery, Dublin-educated Jaja Wachuku – refused to participate in this "disgraceful display" in the General Assembly because of his position as chairman of the 15-nation Conciliation Commission which was to have gone to the Congo to try to heal the breaches among the various political factions

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and set up a government of national unity. Wachuku contended that it "destroyed the very essence of peacemaking efforts" to force a vote at this time.

Abstentions and votes against Kasavubu were not, in most instances, registrations of favoritism for the Lumumba faction, but rather indications of resentment against the powerplay on Kasavubu's behalf. This backlash of resentment is going to be with us for some time to come, affecting US relations with India as well as Africa. The resentment derives from the widespread belief, reinforced by Communist propaganda, that the US was primarily motivated by "cold war" considerations rather than concern for Congolese interests. A new and more bitter cynicism among Africans has been observed, a more pervasive suspicion than before that our humanitarian concern for Africa has one major objective – to keep the Russians out.

The one great hope for keeping Communism from building a bridgehead on the African continent lies in carefully nurturing and solidifying an African consensus – even if it bends somewhat left of center to incorporate those states which lean heavily on Moscow for aid. By resorting to hasty kingmaking, the Western powers may have saved the Congo – but what purpose will this serve if, in the process, we elbow Ghana, Guinea, Mali, and some others over the edge?

"I'll Show You – These People Can't Stand On Their Own Feet"

Castro as Politician

Professor Samuel Shapiro's response in this issue to his critics fails in our view to confront the single most critical question to emerge from the running *New Republic* discussion on Cuba: whether, given the wisest of US policies, Castro can remain master in his own house, as have such neutralist leaders as Nasser, Nehru, Nkrumah, Sekou Toure, and Kassim.

Objecting to Professor Shapiro's bracketing of Castro with Nasser as just another "leftist-nationalist-neutralist," George Sherman noted in *The New Republic* (October 24) that this "too facile" comparison breaks down in that "the Egyptian leader . . . has not tolerated a Communist movement inside the United Arab Republic itself. He has organized a separate nationalist movement around himself. Fidel Castro has not followed that course. For all his popularity among the masses, he has not built up his own political organization. He is not interested in the day-to-day affairs of politics or government. He has not bolstered his '26th of July' movement . . . and its power has waned steadily."

Two weeks ago, in a conversation with a *New York Times* correspondent, Señor Rafael Rodriguez, editor of the Communist newspaper in Havana (*Hoy*), reinforced this point. "Premier Castro 'seems to have come to understand' and appreciate," he told Max Frankel, "the value of a completely loyal, dedicated, disciplined and competent organization, such as the Communist Party, that is prepared to aid his cause as long as he protects it as a vital element in his revolution. Thus the party needs Dr. Castro, and he needs the party. . . . Ideology requires organization to survive and there is no Castro organization in this sense."

Insofar as Castro does permit the Communists and their allies to take command, he loses all opportunity to drive a variety of economic and political bargains (with both the US and the Communist bloc) in the Cuban national interest. He then becomes not a nuisance, but an enemy. It is one thing for the US to tolerate, even cooperate with, a militantly neutralist, Marxist-oriented Castroism which has ties to extremist but indigenous Latin American political movements with locally-entrenched leadership. But it is quite another matter if the strings that lead from Havana are pulled from Moscow and Peking. For that means that Cuban-based revolutionary activities are necessarily antithetical to the United States. And it means, too, that Washington will be tempted even more than it is now to clutch at every thin or bent reed in Latin America for support, so long as the reed calls itself anti-Communist. And nothing would be more futile.

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Fourth Nuclear Power?

The several arguments for a NATO atomic force derive from the truism that the Western Alliance must either advance toward a degree of integration which none of its members has so far accepted in practice, or it will slip back toward a coalition so loose that it can scarcely be distinguished from disintegration. NATO cannot stand still for a variety of reasons. The circumstances which produced the existing pattern of Western defense have long since disappeared. When the North Atlantic Treaty Organization came into being in 1949, only the US was capable of an atomic strike. Also, the nations of Western Europe are less disposed than they were a decade ago to tolerate a relationship in which all but the Americans are very limited partners. Above all, Western Europe today is as strong as the US – last year its steel production for the first time surpassed that of this country, and several nations now have the physical capacity to produce their own atomic weapons.

General Norstadt's recent speech to the NATO Parliamentarians was mainly concerned with the retaliatory shield, so far provided by the US and Britain alone, but outside the framework of NATO. His answer to the growing demand of the continental countries for some control over the Anglo-Saxon nuclear deterrent was to suggest that Washington allocate sufficient nuclear warheads to equip a striking force which would be exclusively under NATO management. Exactly how that management would operate has been left purposefully vague, but the essential point – the Alliance's political authority "over the nuclear weapons' delivery systems and their use" – was unanimously approved last week by the Parliamentary meeting in Paris, attended by Lyndon Johnson and Senator Fulbright. That, say its advocates, is the most sensible step that can be taken if the proliferation of nuclear deterrents is to be discouraged and if the Europeans are to develop a deeper sense of common commitment.

For a NATO atomic force to come into being, however, the President might have to ask Congress to amend the present law under which nuclear warheads must remain in the physical possession of the US. It is not entirely certain that this would be required, because it is just possible that some compromise could be worked out whereby all the NATO powers could have a say in how, when and if these weapons are to be used, without their having actual possession of the warheads. Still, it is doubtful whether any decision on a NATO atomic force should be made immediately. In the first place, there is no assurance that any collective arrangement would alter the determination of the French to create their own atomic force, however wasteful such an independent effort to catch up may be; moreover, the decision to establish such a collective force might strengthen the case of the Chinese Communists for a sharing of nuclear weapons among members of the Communist *bloc;* and third, the Administration in 1961 might come to an agreement with the USSR on disarmament, or at least on the cessation of nuclear testing, permitting all nations gradually to disengage from their growing dependence on atomic weapons.

On balance, a delay is indicated. It is true that if the Western Alliance is to become a full partnership, there must be a greater sharing of atomic information, and that the US can no longer insist that the key to the atomic safe be kept solely in American hands. It is likewise obvious that if no enforceable treaty can be reached with the Communists on controlled disarmament, some method for sharing weapons with our allies will have to be found. But at this moment of transition, with the hopes that a new Administration inspires, the NATO powers can afford to wait awhile.

Morton Sobell

The horror of the Rosenberg atom-spy case brushed against the front pages again recently, when David Greenglass, Ethel Rosenberg's brother who confessed, was released after nearly ten years in jail. He had been sentenced to fifteen. Still in prison, on a sentence double that of Greenglass, is Morton Sobell, in any view of the case its most marginal and pitiable figure.

The jury found Sobell guilty – and quite probably he was – of something or other having to do with spying for the Russians. The evidence was meager, but there was at any rate none to link him with the atom bomb spying conspiracy in which the Rosenbergs and Greenglass were involved. Hence it was exceedingly prejudicial, and, as at least one judge, the late Jerome Frank, thought, illegal to try Sobell together with the Rosenbergs. Be that as it may, the gravely nagging sense of injustice left behind by the whole sorry affair was generated not by the verdict but by the sentences. These were brutal and erratic. There is no way for society to expiate the ghastly fact that the Rosenbergs were electrocuted. But Sobell's sentence – as barbaric in its fashion, considering the nature of the case against him – can be commuted to time served. This the President has been asked to do. We hope he will. It is a question not merely of humane feelings, but of a measure of justice.

America the Beautiful

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have recommended $25,000 for cultural activities in the D.C. budget for 1961-62. The budget needs Congressional approval, and so for the benefit of Congressmen

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or others who fear this sum will make the nation's capital a municipal good-time Charlie, the last of the big spenders, it should be pointed out that such cities as Minneapolis and St. Louis have long had a mill tax channeled directly from taxpayer to cultural institutions, and that $25,000 is a small fraction of the annual cultural budget in those cities.

Capital comparisons are interesting, too. Cultural expenditures in London – paid for by the national government – are currently over $1.5 million for opera and ballet alone. In Copenhagen, capital of a nation somewhat smaller than Texas, the Royal Theatre was (in 1958) subsidized by the Danish government to the tune also of about $1.5 million.

Eloquently as the figures speak for themselves, there are further refinements. If approved by the President and Congress, this largesse of $25,000 is not coming from the Federal government; it is coming solely from the taxpayers of the District. As in every metropolitan area in the country, this means that residents of the central city are subsidizing the cultural life of the surrounding suburbs despite the two facts that, by and large, suburbanites are better fixed than people in town, and that, by and large, suburbanites make more proportional use of cultural facilities than people in town. This cultural free-loading is only part of the general American problem of the bankrupt city and its more opulent suburbs. Slowly emerging solutions range from metropolitan area government to cultural begging tours through the suburbs on the part of trustees of cultural institutions.

In Washington, this disproportion takes on a nightmare quality. District taxpayers, disenfranchised as they are, will support not only their suburbs, but the entire country insofar as a nation's capital is the habitat of representatives of foreign governments and a showcase to foreign visitors. The Federal government, already accustomed to cultural free-loading on the Museum of Modern Art's International Program and on the Ford Foundation, will add the voteless District residents to the long list of private citizens and organizations who bear the financial burden of cultural activities that directly benefit all the people, and that ought therefore to be the financial responsibility of all the people's government.

It is often said that federal subsidy of the arts is Socialism. The charge is true, in the sense that every Socialist government in the world does and always has given liberally of public funds to the support of the arts.

Still, governmental support of culture is not merely Socialist; it is monarchist, imperial, republican, democratic, Shintoist, syndicalist, Fascist, Falangist and tribal, since, with the exception of our own, just about every government the world has ever known has taken patronage of the arts for granted. Somewhat along the line of a government policy that links the Pharoahs, the Popes, the Merovingians, the Plantagenets, the Athenians, the Windsors, the Medici, the Soviets and the Bourbons, the word Socialist loses its meaning and becomes, simply, "civilized."

The traditional American government attitude toward the arts is compounded of suspicion, hostility and indifference, the proportions varying from generation to generation. It is an attitude that goes back at least to John Quincy Adams, for it was John Q. who, in the matter of the controversial Houdon statue of Washington, expressed the hope that America would steer clear of art.

Adams felt the arts had a weakening effect on moral fiber and that the young nation had too many other, more important and more pressing things to do in the West. Whatever seeming validity his argument possessed in the early 19th Century, we have news for his successors: the wilderness has been cleared and in it have grown up cities that recognize communal responsibility for communal cultural benefits.

Leaning on the Legion (1%)

Professor Jenkinson, whose law ("Everybody's crazy") is becoming familiar to our readers, calls attention to the discovery by the Americanism Chairman of the Onondago County (NY) American Legion of what is "eating at the heart of America." John K. Dungey, whose Legion duties have included teaching a class on Communism for junior and senior high school students in a Syracuse school, finds that our troubles "all started with the recognition of the Soviets by Roosevelt in 1933." It's been nothing but betrayal ever since, the latest being the "sell out of Cuba to Castro and company by our State Department."

Now what, precisely, *is* eating us? Or rather, who – besides FDR and the State Department? Well, there's Edward R. Murrow, who "actually slants to the left"; the American Civil Liberties Union, which is "on the side of Communism most of the time"; the Jack Paar show, which fell "hook, line and sinker for Castro"; Steve Allen, who held a discussion on ending nuclear bomb testing; *Commonweal* magazine, which is "a Catholic publication but it's left wing in many of its pronouncements"; *The Catholic Worker* ("spouting the Communist line").

And oh yes; there's the Foreign Policy Association and the Fund for the Republic (which also "follow the Communist line").

But dry your eyes: *America is not going Communist.* "If the American Legion puts in one percent of the effort, Almighty God will furnish the other 99 percent."

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A More Rational Farm Program

Agriculture runs on a schedule of its own. It is geared to the seasons. Practically all of the crop that will continue to be in the greatest oversupply after the harvest next year, winter wheat, was planted in the middle of this year, long before the excitements of the Presidential campaign. And farm output for 1960 is already at record levels. Some farm prices have improved, but total farm income will be higher chiefly because the current harvest is so much bigger than in 1959.

The size of the Commodity Credit Corporation's stockpile of farm commodities, which is a rough index of the amount of price-support activity by the US Department of Agriculture, is now up to $9 billion and may rise to $10 billion shortly. Wheat accounts for $3.7 billion or over 40 percent of this price-supporting stockpile at the present time, and the persistent overproduction of it is expected to be the main reason for the predicted increase in CCC holdings. With all the will in the world, the Kennedy Administration won't be able to do much about this glut until 1962.

Naturally, the commercial wheat farmers hope the President-elect will use every remedy mentioned in the Democratic platform and in his own White Paper on agriculture to help them out. There are probably too many of them, however, particularly in non-commercial wheat areas, to maintain a parity of income between all of this group and other farmers in commercial areas as set forth in the White Paper.

In considering the form a Kennedy Administration farm policy should take, one must begin by examining the most recent (1959) census of American agriculture. On the basis of published tabulations for nearly three-fourths of the states, one can project the final data. The total number of farms has fallen sharply to about 3.75 million. Over the past five years, 200,000 farms have disappeared annually.

Only one type of farmer has been able to buck this downward pull. Farm units with a capacity to produce and market $10,000 of food or fiber annually have been *increasing* at the rate of 20,000 each year since 1954, and they now comprise almost a fifth of all farms. Significantly, these operators have half the farm land, but they bring to market 70 percent of the farm output. They are the successful small businessmen of agriculture with the resources to employ themselves efficiently, and on a full-time basis, in farming.

The acute problem area of agriculture is occupied by 35 percent of all farmers – the borderline commercial group with a marketed output of $2,500 to $10,000 annually. Operators in this classification may have net farm incomes of less than $1,000 a year. They are in trouble, primarily because they are less productive. Utilizing about one-third of the farm land, they bring to market only one-fourth of US farm output.

In addition to these two extremes in commercial farming, there is a very large noncommercial group, unimportant as producers but almost as numerous as all the others added together. They operate 1.75 million farms (45 percent of the total) covering one-fifth of the farm land – upon which they grow only one-twentieth of marketed farm output. The majority are part-timers who really depend on nonfarm jobs or retirement income for a living. They are dwindling rapidly.

These statistics disclose a pattern of adaptation toward higher standards of efficiency and productivity. To those familiar with comparable statistics for industry, they also show that the technological revolution in agriculture has been moving ahead with much greater speed. Man-hour productivity in commercial agriculture has increased at more than twice the rate of manufacturing industry in the past decade. Nearly half the farm population has been shut out of commercial agriculture, except as part-time operators or occasional hired hands.

The farm problem is in reality two problems.

Half the problem is essentially a rural welfare problem that has never been met on a scale proportionate to its importance. A minute attempt to deal with the welfare needs of farmers, the Rural Development Program, is now operating on an allocation of only one-thirtieth of one percent of the total Department of Agriculture budget! Nor is the shortage of funds its only trouble: its field personnel is drawn from the Extension Service of the Department, which has always had a commercial-farming orientation. Other ways of dealing with the problems of noncommercial farmers are required:

1. For people who have the basic farm management skills and the desire to build up their own farm enterprises, increased credit might be made available through liberalization of the regulations of the Farmers Home Administration. Such loans could be applicable to purchases of additional land as well as the improvement of existing acreage and buildings, so that farm units of economic size may be developed. This is the

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area in which the supervision and advice of Extension Agents will be required at every step of the way.

2. The younger rural population who see no future for themselves in farming should be helped to make an orderly transition to non-farm occupations. There is a serious lack of vocational education facilities in rural areas to prepare young people for jobs in the distributive trades, office work, automobile repairing, carpentry and so on. In conjunction with these facilities, there needs to be improved job counseling and placement services. This calls for cooperation between the Departments of Agriculture and Labor.

3. Coincidentally, the dispersal of industry in such areas should be energetically undertaken, in the interests of national defense as well as rural development. The existing area development study group in the Department of Commerce could be expanded to provide plant location services. With a specific appropriation from the Congress and a few organizational revisions, the Small Business Administration (which already cooperates with the Rural Development Program) can offer a more effective credit service to help establish and expand rural enterprises.

Commercial agriculture – the second problem – presents difficulties of another order. Our agricultural output, which comes almost wholly from commercial farms, has averaged about six percent above domestic and export demand (dollar and soft currency exports and donations combined) in recent years. Efforts to halt the resulting decline in farm commodity prices have been costly as well as ineffective, and the political uproar over these Federal expenditures for price maintenance has distracted attention from the solution of other farm problems. Further, the current price support system at home makes it necessary for us to compound our troubles by developing an export subsidy system to depress the prices of these farm commodities to the levels that prevail in international markets if we are to sell any of them abroad.

This has exacerbated our relations with friendly nations like Canada, which export the same agricultural products; and our two-price system for protected farm commodities has been a real stumbling block in the effort to promote greater liberalization of trade everywhere. The inescapable fact is that in a market economy price depends on supply, and at the present time agriculture is passing through a technological revolution that makes overproduction normal.

Overproduction is not a problem, however, in capital-deficient countries. Most of them need more food. President-elect Kennedy has proposed the calling of a second International Conference on Food and Agriculture, similar to the 1942 Hot Springs meeting, to deal with the food needs of the world on a multilateral basis. The Conference should have as its goal the creation of an agency to transfer surplus food and fiber, in cooperation with the UN, from nations that have too much to those that are in need. We should bear in mind, however, that the need to help others merely gives us time to set our own agricultural economy in order.

A number of hard decisions will have to be made before farm output is brought into balance with demand. The most painful of these decisions is the one requiring us to cut back our production of the crops that have been most persistently in surplus. Senator Kennedy has made only the general pledge that a commodity-by-commodity effort will be made to relate supply to demand.

Wheat is the typical case. Farmers grow twice as much of it on the same acreage allotted to wheat production years ago when the present legislation was adopted. If production control is to be enforced without excessive policing, it will have to be imposed with the consent of two-thirds or more of the farmers involved. One may take it for granted that they will refuse to vote themselves *lower* incomes at the outset, nor need the question be put to them in that way at the outset. The President must ask the commercial farmers of the United States in effect whether they are willing to endorse long term programs of adjustment of output to demand on a commodity-by-commodity basis. This should in our view take the form of a request to Congress for production credit and supply management legislation which would give to every farmer with the potentiality of success in commercial agriculture the necessary Federal loans and price protection. This would differ from what is proposed in the Kennedy White Paper in that commercial agriculture would be much more sharply defined.

Most farm crops are not price-supported and are not in surplus. Commercial farmers who may wish to move out of the production of the more closely controlled commodities after such programs are adopted should be assisted by a system of supervised relocation and re-equipment loans.

The problem of maintaining farm prices or commercial farmers' income at parity levels, of which so much was made during the campaign, has already been solved, as this discussion has suggested, by the more efficient commercial farmers whose numbers have been increasing over the past five years. There is no particular secret about the way they do it. Thousands of Extension Agents travel through the countryside, willing and able to tell anybody how to be a successful farmer. What confronts the Kennedy Administration in this area is a moral problem. Every American has a right to assistance from his Government when he is in need, but has he a right to do so while persisting in a calling or occupation in which, unaided, he could not possibly earn for himself an adequate standard of living?

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JAPAN VOTES FOR MORE OF THE SAME

Prosperity Unlimited

The Japanese elections resulted in a thumping vote of confidence in prosperity. But despite the huge majority for the Liberal Democrats, the failure of the Communists and the eclipse of the Socialist right wing, all of which would seem to add up to the strengthening of a two-party system, political stability in Japan is by no means assured.

By failing to get the two-thirds majority needed to push through constitutional reforms, the Liberal Democrats will be denied the opportunity to do their will. And yet by increasing their members in the House of Representatives from 283 to 269 they will, without doubt, find themselves accused once again of using the "tyranny of the majority," of enacting legislation which fails to meet the approval of the opposition. Once this occurs, there is, by devious Japanese political reasoning, a ready-made excuse for the Left to use extra-parliamentary pressures to restrain the government. These at different times in the history of Japan have ranged all the way from hurling snakes from the galleries onto the heads of offending members below to more direct forms of physical violence.

Thanks to the existence of an extremely able bureaucracy, which goes about its business unbloodied and unbowed by the storms that break about the heads of the Administration, economic development has not waited on political stability. The country has gone on and up despite the weakness of the political system.

The wild demonstrations that led to the withdrawal of the Bill to shore up the powers of the Police – who cannot even arrest a man with a weapon until he uses it – and the even wilder demonstrations against the mutual security treaty with the United States, were mere sideshows that in no way hampered or hindered the greatest economic show on earth.

Between April, 1959, and March of this year Japan's gross national product increased by 16 percent, the highest figure ever recorded by any industrial country. And this, as some other countries might profitably note, has been achieved with a rise in consumer prices of only 10 percent since 1955. Without the fanfare of China's "Great Leap Forward" Japan is simply bounding ahead. Production in the mining and manufacturing industries increased by 30 percent in 1959 and that rate appears likely to be maintained this year. Steel production leapt from 12,120,000 tons in 1958 to 16,340,000 tons last year and will, it seems, be up again this year. Osaka now has a television set for every two households, and Tokyo, the biggest city in the world, is close behind. There are more than six million sets in the country served by more than a hundred stations.

Against this highly satisfactory background, it might not seem really to matter that the Liberal Democrats will now return to their fierce internal wranglings. And there will be wranglings! Although Mr. Ikeda picked up more than three hundred of the five hundred party votes that gave him the leadership after the resignation of Mr. Kishi, a majority of the warring party factions regarded him as only a caretaker. In the party caucus free-for-all that accompanies the election of a leader, money talks with a loud voice, and Mr. Ikeda's staunchly pro-American and pro-Western stand does not necessarily mean that the platform he presented to the electors will be fully followed through, or that he will remain as Prime Minister.

The Matsumura and Ishibashi factions of the party want normal relations with China. The Kono faction thinks there is much to be said for the concept of peaceful coexistence. And most of their rich backers are less concerned with politics than with expanding markets. They are delighted with the tremendous volume of sales and purchases that cross the Pacific between Japan and the United States; they would be even happier if this could be duplicated across the Japan Sea (to Vladivostok) and the East China Sea (to Shanghai). Politics, they feel, should never stand in the way of trade.

This attitude is reflected all the way down the Japanese social scale. Except for minorities on the extreme left and the extreme right and among the students, the Japanese have become apolitical. Pay packets mean more than political pledges or the fate of political parties and their leaders.

There are appealing elements in a situation in which a country so demonstrably proves itself greater than its politicians. But there are also dangers. For it is only when they resort to violence and mass demonstrations that the Socialists and the Left have scored points. In their frustration, this may seem the only way —and perhaps an easy way, too. If government decisions can be upset by force and the show of force, why not extend the process slightly and overthrow the government? The possibility may be remote, but not too remote to be entertained by Peking and some of its friends in Tokyo.

DENIS WARNER

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Castro and His Critics

A Rejoinder by Samuel Shapiro

Mr. Friedenberg ("History Will Not Absolve Castro," *NR*, October 10) and Mr. Sherman ("Replying to Castro's Admirers," *NR*, October 24) were evidently in Cuba at about the same time I was. I wish that we had met while on the island and traveled together for a few days; I'm sure that we would have learned a great deal from each other. Mr. Friedenberg has the advantage of personal knowledge of just how bad things were under Batista, and I should like to have had Mr. Sherman introduce me to the resistance groups that he believes are about to plunge Cuba into a civil war. For my part, I wish I could have gone with both of them to a cooperative, chosen at random, where they could have asked these farm workers what they thought of the Castro Government.

In giving a sketch of the Batista years, I did not mean to imply, as Mr. Sherman thinks, that "these abuses of the past excuse the abuses of the present." I thought it important to review the recent past because our troubles with Castro began then, and because our openly pro-Batista policy caused Fidel to come to power with grave (and largely justified) suspicions of the State Department's attitude toward him. Cuba's revolutionary leaders can hardly be expected to forget what Mr. Sherman admits are the "grievous sins" of American businessmen and diplomats on the island, especially when our government continues to step up its economic and propaganda barrage against the new regime. Moreover, despite the fall of Batista and half a dozen other Latin dictators, we continue our economic and military assistance to those that are left – Ydigoras Fuentes in Guatemala, Luiz Somoza in Nicaragua, Duvalier in Haiti, and Stroessner in Paraguay. In Argentina last year, I met many of the young exiles who may some day take over in Paraguay, and they were uniformly bitter about American aid to Stroessner. We seem to have learned nothing from our blunders in Cuba.

I hardly think it is necessary for me to assure Mr. Friedenberg and Mr. Sherman that I am in favor of freedom of the press. I pointed out in my article that most newspapers in Cuba were controlled by the government, that they "vie with each other to see which is the most faithful to the *fidelista* line," and that the regime might be planning to clamp the lid on more tightly. But the uproar in the American press over the fate of wealthy publishers, all living in comfortable exile, is in melancholy contrast to the blank silence that greeted the torture or actual murder of working journalists under Batista, Trujillo and Duvalier.

In his articles for *The Reporter* and *The Observer* (London), moreover, Mr. Sherman does not once quote from a Cuban newspaper or magazine, or cite an interview with a lower-class Cuban; it seems reasonable to conclude that he doesn't speak Spanish. Had he been able, as I was, to compare coverage of the same stories by Cuban and American newspapers, he would have found that the admittedly muzzled Cuban press was sometimes the more accurate. When, for example, the Cuban Government expelled two American embassy officials on the charge that they were FBI agents, our papers ridiculed this as a typical propaganda fabrication. But 10 days afterward, in a front-page story in *The New York Times*, an anonymous State Department official admitted that the Cubans had been telling the truth. The men *were* FBI agents; what they were doing in Havana was not disclosed. Similarly, during Castro's illness this July, Cuban newspapers printed bulletins giving his temperature, and indicating that he was suffering from exhaustion and a bad cold. In the American papers which were (and are) on sale in Havana, one could read instead lurid accounts of the Premier's imminent death from cancer, from tuberculosis, or from poison administered by his brother Raúl. These reports evidently were, as Mark Twain would say, "slightly exaggerated." I am now living in Detroit, and I can assure Mr. Sherman that any attempt to find out what is happening in Cuba from the local newspapers is hopeless. Indeed, in a recent column in the *Pontiac Press*, Jules Dubois, a full-time Latin American correspondent, assures his readers that to stay in power Castro "will have to massacre most of the country's 6.5 million people." For all its sins, the Cuban Government's controlled press has never printed anything quite that hysterical or absurd.

Mr. Sherman also mistakenly asserts that I was duped by "public opinion" polls taken by the Cuban Government. I never saw such a poll, and would have taken little stock in it if I had. As I indicated quite clearly in my article, I was quoting from a poll in *Bohemia*, whose editor was to defect shortly afterward, and from two surveys made by reliable American institutions. Their findings agreed with my own, and

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"Ready, Go Ahead – Bite Me"

with that of the dozens of American tourists I have talked to and corresponded with since returning from the island. Mr. Sherman, to judge from his articles, did all his polling among "businessmen, landlords, lawyers" and in the lobby of "the main hotel at Santiago de Cuba." This is equivalent to finding out what the American people thought of FDR by interviewing members of the Union League Club. If I am correct in my surmise that Mr. Sherman didn't speak to any but educated Cubans who know English, I am not surprised that his impressions were so at variance with my own.

Even so, Mr. Sherman grudgingly admits that opponents of Castro are probably in the minority. If this is true, and if Fidel is as well armed and as determined to remain in power as both his friends and foes say he is, I cannot understand why both Mr. Sherman and Mr. Friedenberg so confidently expect a speedy overthrow of his regime. Aureliano Sanchez Arango's opposition group, which Mr. Sherman takes me to task for not mentioning, had, according to Sanchez' own statement last summer, less than a thousand members and very little money. The Batista exiles were far more prominent; they were the first to arrive in Miami, they (and not Mr. Sherman's democratic exiles) were invited to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and they have the money with which to buy arms. The landings in Cuba last month, for example, seem to have been financed in part by ex-Senator Rolando Masferrer, the sadist who dominated Oriente Province under Batista. But no opposition group is powerful enough to threaten Castro in the foreseeable future – unless it has American help.

Mr. Sherman dismisses the improvement in living standards in rural Cuba with two sentences (out of half a dozen articles). But this is precisely one of the most important achievements of the Cuban revolution. As Theodore Draper, no great admirer of the new regime, put it: "There is no getting around the fact that for the poor, illiterate, landless, outcast *guajiros*, the cooperatives represent a jump of centuries in living standards. They also represent a vast increase of constructive activity in the rural areas that were formerly the most backward and stagnant part of Cuba." (*The Reporter*, May 12, 1960).

I was particularly impressed by what is happening in Cuba because, in 10 months' travel in eight Latin American countries last year, I saw nothing but great and growing misery. (The area's population increased by 2.8 percent in 1959, while the gross national product rose by only a fifth as much.) Latin American intellectuals are not particularly frightened by the specter of Communism. They do not look at their problems, as Mr. Sherman does, from the viewpoint of someone just arrived from a long stay in eastern Europe; they think that hunger is a greater enemy than Khrushchev. Driving Castro into Moscow's arms, and labeling him a Red, may have results that we have not bargained for. As one Argentine visitor remarked to me after we had toured a cooperative together this July, "If this is Communism, we need a lot more of it in Argentina." Neither of us had met a single *guajiro* who was not an enthusiastic *fiidelista;* and I suspect that Mr. Sherman's "peasant," who "can also be excused for thinking he has simply changed bosses," was not a real Cuban, but only a projection of Mr. Sherman's experiences in the satellite countries. Did the Cuban farm workers (not "peasants") Mr. Sherman met at Bayamo and at Purio really say that – or did he only think they ought to have said it?

It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Sherman that occasional shortages of food in the cities might be caused, not by agricultural failures, but by the shortage of dollars resulting from the sugar quota cut, and by increased consumption – a consequence of the "drastically slashed prices" which both Mr. Sherman and I noticed in the people's stores. Even *Time* was candid enough to quote (June 20) a *cooperativista* in Pinar del Rio: "I'm 100 percent better. Before, there was no work. Now there's work all year. Now we are eating – rice, eggs, beans. . . . If this is Communism, let it come."

I am, finally, not convinced by Mr. Sherman's efforts to brush aside the admittedly "wild accusations" of Senators Eastland, Ellender, and Smathers as unrepre-

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sentative of American public or official opinion. When President Eisenhower precipitated the present crisis by calling for a sugar quota cut this June, the bill he asked for passed the House by a vote of 394 to 0, and was put into effect by the Department of Agriculture in two days; it is literally impossible for our governmental machinery to act more unanimously or decisively than that. When the State Department does have one of its rare foreign policy disagreements with the conservative coalition that has control of Congress, it is usually the Administration that has had to back down. This fall, for example, Assistant Secretary of State Douglas Dillon personally appealed to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee not to turn any of the Cuban sugar quota over to the Dominican Republic because of the bad effect this would have on our relations with the other members of the OAS. Trujillo's friends in Congress won that argument, and the Generalissimo got his share of the quota.

Since the publication of Mr. Sherman's articles, both Cuba and the United States have stepped up their war of propaganda and economic reprisals. The President has recalled Ambassador Philip Bonsal from Havana; he has placed an embargo on shipments of essential machinery and automotive equipment to Cuba; he has sent 1,500 Marines to Guantanamo to enjoy "shore leave"; and he has ostentatiously let it be known (as if anybody doubted the fact) that we are prepared to defend the base at Guantanamo. Fidel has, predictably, replied with further confiscations, with charges of an "imminent" US attack on Cuba, and with new appeals to the USSR and Communist China for assistance. And anti-American feeling throughout this hemisphere is rising at an explosive rate.

Both Mr. Friedenberg and Mr. Sherman make the comfortable assumption that we need not worry about Fidel's opinion of us, since anti-Communist Cubans are going to dispose of him shortly, anyway. Now this is dangerous nonsense. We were told the same thing about the Mexican Revolution in 1910, and the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917; and there are still some hardy optimists in this country who expect Chiang Kai-shek to "liberate" the mainland in the not-too-distant future. It ought to be obvious by now that social revolutions as profound as the one that has taken place in Cuba are all but impossible to reverse. Fidel has stripped the former ruling groups on the island of most of their property and all of their political and moral authority. He is supported by a devoted hard core of *fidelistas* and by a majority of the Cuban people. He holds all the key points on the island, and he can summon up a quarter of a million armed soldiers and militia to quell any rebellion. It seems pretty obvious that only direct intervention by American troops can throw him out of power, and that after a bitter campaign that would make of Cuba another Hungary or another Algeria. Let us hope that no American President is foolish enough, or reckless enough, to try it.

The coming change of Administrations gives us an opportunity to take another look at our Cuban policy, and to see if we cannot escape from the unprofitable round of tit-for-tat in which we are now engaged. President-elect Kennedy has already backed down from his proposal that we foment an anti-Castro revolution in Cuba; it is still possible for him to take the initiative in seeking a *rapprochement* with Castro. He ought to send Mr. Bonsal, or some equally able and devoted career diplomat back to Havana; he ought to refrain from needlessly provocative statements or troop movements in the Caribbean; and he ought to be willing to recognize, as the London *Economist* suggests, "that the United States is partly to blame for the Cuban bad temper." One way to resume negotiations without losing too much face would be to accept the repeated offers of Brazil or Argentina to serve as mediators in the quarrel. The reconciliation scenes between Nasser and Macmillan, and Tito and Khrushchev in New York this October show that even the bitterest of disputes between small, defiant nations and strong but impotent world powers can be amicably settled. It does not, therefore, seem unreasonable to hope for a similar solution of our Cuba troubles, perhaps by mediation, perhaps by negotiation, and perhaps by an eventual personal meeting between Castro and John F. Kennedy.

"Well, Let Me Tell You..."

Mr. Interlocutor: *"Senator Bones, do you consider yourself a liberal or a conservative?"*

Sen. Bones: *"Well, let me tell you how I feel about that. I'm not much for labels, myself. I'm just a plain American and a plain Democrat (or Republican)."*

This refrain, of course, is as much an old standard in the Potomac Showboat repertoire as "Happy Days are Here Again," but never before has it been in such widespread fashion among political end men. No longer must the politician disavow classification simply as a liberal or a conservative. These labels themselves have

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been refined and expanded to the point where, like missiles, there are families and generations of each.

Take liberal, to start with. Many political writers and commentators have augmented the simple unadorned word with quotation marks, and others have embellished it with numerous prefixes and adjectives: so-called, self-styled, knee-jerk, ultra, left-wing, pseudo, phony and – most recently – advanced. Conservative likewise has undergone these refinements: traditional, ultra, right-wing, moderate, orthodox, arch.

Mathematically-minded readers will note that the list in the first category is slightly longer than in the second, and that the words used with liberal are on balance stronger and – particularly in the case of phony – somewhat more derogatory. Only the prefix "ultra" (quotes ours) can claim dual application.

These phenomena serve to show that conservatives tend in their attacks to be more extreme, whereas liberals by nature would seem to be more conservative in referring to the foe. The liberal modifiers, as expressed both in their greater numbers and ferocity, indicate their users don't consider the word liberal itself harsh enough. Either they have to add to it or they have to put quotation marks around it. Liberals on the other hand often are satisfied calling a conservative just that, the word alone being maximum indictment.

For the etymologist, there may be a deeper message in the nature of the prefixes. Why are liberals in effect accused of not being liberal – either by placing the word in quotes or calling them so-called, self-styled and pseudo? And why are conservatives belabored with such Neanderthal-like expressions as traditional and orthodox? There seems to be an implication here that each side considers itself truly liberal (adjective ours) and the other the extremist.

There was a happier day when conservatives called liberals radical and liberals called conservatives reactionary and let it go at that. Though this practice still shows itself in isolated pockets of political prose, the sharp delineations at either end have been blurred. A look at the arriving Congress is enough to illustrate how inadequate the old labels are. Liberals who are willing to be called by that name and conservatives who own up to it with equal abandon are a paradoxical scarcity in our otherwise affluent society.

In the Senate, there are Republicans Jacob K. Javits of New York and Clifford P. Case of New Jersey and Democrats Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania, Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota and Wayne Morse of Oregon among the liberals. In the ranks of "unvarnished" conservatives there are Styles Bridges of New Hampshire and John M. Butler of Maryland, Republicans, and Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, James O. Eastland of Mississippi and Herman E. Talmadge of Georgia, Democrats. Barry Goldwater of Arizona, though considered by most as an ultra, insists he's just plain conservative and can be included or not.

Over in the House, where density lends obscurity, members for the most part are satisfied if their regional identification gets around, let alone their directional leanings in the political spectrum. They would much rather be known as water, or oil, or wheat, or labor any day than either liberal or conservative.

All this confusion has not been helped by pronouncements of those who might be in a position to lift the fog. President Eisenhower, for instance, missed a chance to strike a blow for clarity when he told a news conference on January 27, 1954: "When it comes to dealing with the relationship between the human in this country and his government, the people in this Administration believe in being what I think we normally would call liberal, and when we deal with the economic affairs of this country we believe in being conservative."

This doctrine can take at least partial credit for the emergence in the last six years of such philosophic Januses as liberal-conservatism, conservative-liberalism, moderate progressivism and even progressive moderation. Not even Al Capp with his Hippopotomouse, Kangerooster and Skunkaphant has produced more bewildering, semantic cross-breeds.

What is the answer? Shall we yield to those outspoken admirers of the British parliamentary system and upgrade our liberals and conservatives to Liberals and Conservatives? The change would have the virtue of separating the Javitses from the Goldwaters and the Douglases from the Eastlands, but in so doing would we not be creating a potentially more horrendous monster?

For as quickly as you could say two-party system, we would be reading about Republican Liberals, Democratic Conservatives, Democratic Liberals, Republican Conservatives; so-called, self-styled, pseudo, phony and advanced Democrats; traditional, moderate, orthodox and arch Republicans; plus ultrademocratic and ultrarepublican of both types.

The Potomac Showboat's old vaudeville hook would yank Senator Bones off stage, all right, but the show would go on:

MR. INTERLOCUTOR: *"Senator Rastus, do you consider yourself a Democrat or a Republican?"*

SENATOR RASTUS: *"Well, let me tell you how I feel about that. I'm not much for labels, myself. I'm just a plain American and a plain Liberal (or Conservative)."*

MR. I: *"Oh, yeah? Well, then, who was that Democrat I saw you with last night?"*

SENATOR R: *"That was no Democrat, that was my wife. She's a liberal Liberal."*

JULES WITCOVER

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Anglophile Nonsense

Some Notes on British and American Education

English education exists to select and train people for existing social roles. Pre-professional training begins in secondary school, and almost all university training is technical. (The so-called liberal arts are taught as professional specialties largely for future teachers and professors, not as part of a general education scheme for breeding intellectual citizens.) Having graduated from the university with such training, the young Englishman has in large measure made his career, for the supply of university graduates very nearly equals the number of places in the leadership of most professions. Conversely, if he fails to graduate from the university, the young Englishman has only an outside chance of climbing to the top, for he will almost always find his path blocked somewhere by a more respectable member of the diploma elite. This does not mean that opportunities for social mobility are less in England than in America. On the contrary, statistics suggest that a steelworker's son has about as much chance of becoming a steel king in England (or any other industrial country) as in the United States. But the ambitious working-class Englishman must get on the make early, passing his "eleven-plus" examination to get into grammar school, his GCE (General Certificate of Education) to get into the University, and his BA to get his cushy job. All of these exams are national and all are rigorous, but for those who have the right talent and temperament and play the game, education is free and even university living expenses are paid.

Obviously the situation was, at least until recently, rather different with us. The young American on the make could virtually sit on his fanny until he was 16, at which point a little preparation might be needed to earn a place in college. Getting through college was a bigger problem: it required either money or terrific perseverance and part-time jobs, as well as ability to absorb an upper-middle-class outlook (of which more American than English secondary-school graduates remain innocent). The big push came still later, however, either in professional school or in business, where the young man had to show real perspicacity to make it to the top. Even for the young American who never got through high school, on-the-job talent often paid off, for the diplomas were less valued than in England, and the boss's daughter was more likely to marry a man who lacked the Oxford accent. Today working up the ranks is harder, and college graduates are increasingly able to demand that their jobs provide the kind of security long taken for granted in England.

Once the schools become committed to training for a national job market rather than for local civic responsibilities, control must inevitably pass from local school boards to a national teaching profession. It is all very well to have local fat cats telling the as-yet unmarried daughters of their employees how to run a school which exists primarily to Americanize immigrants; or to have slightly fatter cats telling professors how to run a college which serves primarily as an entrance exam for the local country club. But when schools become tied to the more important professions, such lay interference through local control becomes intolerable.

The world of higher learning, which already dictates the organization and selection of students in graduate schools of law, medicine, liberal arts, and sciences, has therefore begun to extend its hold down through the American educational world in much the same way as in England. Among the hundred-odd selective colleges in the United States, the avalanche of applications has encouraged the transformation of undergraduate life into an apprenticeship to higher learning, and this in turn makes these college diplomas more sought after. Of course only a handful of colleges now emulate the English by including outside examinations among their requirements for the BA, but the Graduate Record Examinations set by the College Board are increasingly popular for this purpose, and if the exams demanded scholarly essays rather than multiple choices, a considerable number of middle-level colleges might adopt them to prove that the college's BA symbolized academic achievement rather than mere persistence.

Competition for admission has also given our colleges a growing hold on the secondary schools – not the direct hold of the English university which sets the GCE examination both as secondary-school diploma and a college entrance test – but a growing number of our high schools have developed accelerated programs for students who want to do college freshman work while still in high school, in much the same way that the English "sixth form" has always done. These students then have their labors certified by taking a College Board Advanced Placement Examination which resembles the Advanced Level GCE examination in England, and if successful in several subjects they can, like their English cousins, enter many colleges as sophomores and finish in three years. Such a program appeals not only to parents and students worried about making

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the right college, but to teachers bored by disciplining the delinquent and apathetic. Teaching college-level courses to bright students serves to renew the teachers' ties with higher learning and extends the influence of the academic profession down into our secondary schools, much as in England.

Of course, we may have to pay a price for this extension of intellectual influence. The hallmark of the professional scholar is his conviction that it is more important to maintain academic standards than to educate those who fail to meet them. In America this has meant that with an annually growing demand for PhD's the course of study becomes annually more difficult, more lengthy, and more expensive, and the supply remains about constant. In England the supply of BA's and GCE's has been similarly restricted, and the English are today the least educated industrial people in the world. Whatever English teachers may have thought about devaluing the pound to bolster the economy, they are not ready to devalue the educational currency for such an end.

There is no reason why America should do likewise. Even if, say, half the students who come to a college like Harvard have already done their freshman year at school and enter as sophomores, the college is likely to retain its own freshman year as well, providing remedial work for those "diamonds in the rough" who look promising but have attended third-rate schools. Experience has shown that such students are likely to graduate with as much distinction as their better prepared classmates, and no scholar wants to lose A students. Furthermore, however many colleges adopt academic examinations for the BA, there will always be others in our free enterprise system of higher education prepared to offer an ersatz-BA to those who cannot earn the nationally-famous variety. It will be a very long time before the world of higher learning engulfs America's more provincial colleges, much less its often unbelievable high schools. We are still deeply committed to the notion that an essentially authoritarian organization such as a school is necessary to socialize the young, even if they cannot profit from the intellectual training around which this organization initially developed. Very likely we are right, at least until American society becomes sufficiently well-defined so that we can emulate the English in allowing the majority to leave school while young and learn their adult roles from employers, families and the mass media.

At this point a caveat is needed against pushing comparative studies too far. The maturation of American civilization does not follow any foreordained pattern laid down by continental predecessors leading inevitably to schools comparable to England's. In most ways England is becoming more like America, rather than the other way round, and the English are increasingly anxious to supplement their academic program with American-style, non-academic curricula, operated in "secondary modern schools," and occasionally alongside academic curricula, in comprehensive schools. Nor is it either inevitable or desirable that even the academic programs in American universities should emulate the English ones in every respect. A great deal of Anglophile nonsense has been written about the superiority of English education, much of it by the English.

Even by intellectual standards the American schools are probably doing a better job in most respects than the English. If, for instance, you compare the 18-year-old population of the two countries, you find that at this age three out of four Americans have finished high school, and one out of four has finished a year of college. In England about one out of four has finished school, and less than one in 10 has earned his Advanced Level GCE which is roughly equivalent to the freshman year of an American college. If you look at them 10 years later it is more difficult to compare, because the English students have been doing only specialized work, while most Americans have continued their general education along with their professional training. But approximately the same proportion of Americans earn two higher degrees as earn one in England, so that it is difficult to think the American system is not doing at least as well. Few Anglophiles claim that English doctors with no BA know more than American ones with one, or that English BA's in history know more than American MA's in this field.

Nor does one get the impression from visiting English colleges that the general intellectual level is higher than in comparable American institutions. If, for instance, you compare the various Oxford and Cambridge colleges to small American colleges of similar size you find some which match Reed or Swarthmore in their selectivity and mental metabolism, but you also find others which resemble Williams or Bowdoin in their intellectual climate. More generally, while it is true that the average English undergraduate is brighter and better informed than the average American, he does not compare unduly favorably with undergraduates in the top 50 American colleges which are the real counterparts to the English universities.

In this, as in so many things, America follows David Riesman's law, "the more . . . the more," with a plethora of semi-intellectual schools and colleges not only replacing the uneducated English masses with the semi-educated American ones, but also providing a base on which to build really distinguished colleges and universities. So long as we continue to insist that America should have *both* the intellectual rigor of the English system *and* the social benefits of the American one, we shall be all right.

CHRISTOPHER JENCKS

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Literature on the Couch

by Irving Howe

In American literary life, the crank is by now a familiar figure. He is a man who believes he has found a total and thereby solacing explanation for the chaos and multiplicity of existence. Usually we think of him as a Midwesterner in origin, a jarring voice from the plains to be contrasted with the smoother accents of the sophisticated Easterner. But in recent years, as part of the flattening-out of American culture, the two types have sometimes come to blend, so that writers like Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams are both suave and simple-minded, sophisticated and crankish.

Love and Death in the American Novel
by Leslie A. Fiedler
(Criterion; $8)
No! In Thunder
by Leslie A. Fiedler
(Beacon; $5)

There has been a similar development in literary criticism. Reputable scholars turn out studies to show that Kafka's novels are cabalistic notations concerning homosexuality, that Melville was engaged in an elaborate mystification to conceal his venom against God, that Henry James wrote his major novels as allegorical tracings of Swedenborgian philosophy. What can one say about such books except that they are sincere, often ingenious and quite batty?

Leslie Fiedler, a man of learning and intelligence, has composed another of those fascinating catastrophes with which our literary scholarship is strewn. *Love and Death in the American Novel* seems to me destined to become a classical instance of sophisticated crankiness; it rides a one-track thesis about American literature through 600 pages of assertion, never relenting into doubt or qualification, and simply ignoring those writers and books that might call the thesis into question.

"Our great novelists," writes Fiedler, "though experts on indignity and assault, on loneliness and terror, tend to avoid treating the passionate encounter of a man and a woman . . . they rather shy away from permitting in their fictions the presence of any full-fledged, mature woman, giving us instead monsters of virtue and bitchery, symbols of the rejection or fear of sexuality." The "failure of the American novelist to deal with adult heterosexual love" leads to, or is evidenced in, an "obsession with violence" and helps explain the growth of "a gothic fiction, non-realistic and negative, sadist and melodramatic." Most American fiction, suggests Fiedler, falls either into the gothic or sentimental category, neither of which allows a confrontation with the needs of maturity.

To support this view Fiedler goes back to the European novel, to Richardson, Rousseau and others, tracing the effects of their romanticism (at once inhibited and exhibitionist) upon the earlier American writers. He then launches a full-scale examination of our major literary figures to show how the grip of repression has affected their work. Unable to deal with the central experiences of adult life, they turned either toward gothic projections of sexual fantasy or toward sentimental evocations of an asexual fraternity.

Now there is a fraction of truth in all this, as anyone who has read D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature* surely knows. It is a way of looking at the American novel which serves in relation to some 19th-Century writers: Cooper, Melville, Twain, none of whom is notable for his treatment of the relations between the sexes. But even here Fiedler's psychosexual approach points only to one aspect of, say, Melville's work and hardly exhausts what is valuable in it. When pressed with Fiedler's monomania, this approach requires us to ignore and – what is worse – to dissolve Melville's feelings about American society, the metaphysical concerns he inherited from Calvinism, the quasi-anarchist revulsion from civilized life which dominates some of his books.

What Fiedler discards meanwhile is awesome. Literature is removed from any fluid relation to the development of ideas; it becomes an eternally recurrent psychodrama, dissociated from history, in which bloodless and abstracted Presences (the Dark Lady, the Good Good Girl, the Good Bad Girl, the Handsome Sailor, the Great Mother, the Avenging Seducer) monotonously rehearse a charade of frustration; it has nothing to do with, and does not even credit the reality of, socio-economic problems ("... the unemployed libido," remarks Fiedler, "enjoys marching on the picket lines"); and its apparent concern with moral problems can usually be exposed as evasion or disguise. Like a mass-culture imitation of a psychoanalyst, Fiedler refuses on principle to honor the "surface" events, characters, statements and meanings of a novel. He will never allow himself to be deluded by what an author says; he invariably knows better. For him the manifest content of a work signifies only insofar as he can penetrate it, and then plunge into the depths of latent content. Otherwise, he seems to feel, what use would there be for a critic?

Indeed, his strategy is not that of a

"THERE WERE SOME *amusing sidelights to the election. Up until 2 p.m. the day afterward the Trotskyite candidate for President had still refused to concede. There was a run on old Goldwater buttons. A lady out walking her dog and observing a sign that predicted 'The Kennedys Are Coming,' commented, 'My God, lace curtains in the White House.' In the midst of all this nonsense, Max Lerner solemnly noted that, with the Kennedy ascension, America had come of age.*"

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literary man at all. He engages not in formal description or historical placement or critical evaluation, but in a relentless and joyless exposure. The work of literature comes before him as if it were a defendant without a defense, or an enemy intent upon deceiving him so that he will not see through its moral claims and coverings. And the duty of the critic then becomes to strip the American novel to a pitiful bareness and reveal it in all its genital inadequacy.

Now this is a method which works at least as well with tenth-rate books as with masterpieces, and Fiedler is no less illuminating on *Charlotte Temple* than on *Huckleberry Finn*. It is a method that disregards the work of literature as something "made," a construct of mind and imagination through the medium of language, requiring attention on its own terms and according to its own structure. A Twain or Melville or Hawthorne becomes a "case" at the mercy of his repressions while he, Leslie Fiedler, speaks with the assurance of maturity.

That some of the evidence, even from 19th-Century American writing, does not support his thesis, seems hardly to trouble him. Is it true, for example, that there is an absence of "full-fledged, mature women" in American fiction? One thinks of Hawthorne's Hester, Zenobia, and Miriam; of Twain's Roxanna; of James' Christina Light, Mme. de Vionnet, Kate Croy, Charlotte Stant and the later Maggie Verver; of Edith Wharton's Lily Bart and Ellen Olenska; of Dreiser's Carrie. Not perhaps the most impressive list of women in literature, and some of them, like other mortals, certainly had their troubles; but enough, one would think, to give pause to a thesis-ridden critic and perhaps even some comforts to his masculine imagination.

For that matter, when you come to look at modern European literature, you realize that it too can easily be given Mr. Fiedler's treatment. Where do we find these exemplars of "adult sexuality" which *Love and Death* tacitly poses against American immaturity? Stendhal, conoisseur of the fiasco, whose greatest novel shows a grown-up woman pining after an undersexed boy? Flaubert, who said of his sickly heroine, "*Emma Bovary, c'est moi?*" Dostoevsky, with his fantasies of child violation and fluttery neurasthenic heroines? Dickens and his sugar-plum ladies? Or Conrad? Or Proust and Kafka?

But Fiedler is not a man easily rattled, even when the evidence goes entirely against him. Since *The Scarlet Letter* is posited on illicit relations between Hester and Dimmesdale and since this would threaten his thesis, he simply asserts that "it is finally hard for us to believe *on a literal level* in the original adultery. . . ." Or he describes Maggie Verver in *The Golden Bowl* as another Nice American Girl, partly because James says early in the book that "she wasn't born to evil" – though the whole, one would think the inescapable point of the novel is that, suffering greatly and paying heavily, Maggie comes to know evil and to know it in sexual terms.

Here is a little anthology of Fiedler's more positive offerings: "the fear of not seeming manly enough haunts [the English novelist Henry Fielding] everywhere, inhibiting reflection and delicacy and subtlety alike"; Henry James' "real subject" is "necrophilia" and Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales are "really" concerned with miscegenation; *The Scarlet Letter* is no less than "the supreme example of "the gothic tale" in American fiction and *Huckleberry Finn*, far from being a river idyll, is also "gothic in theme and atmosphere"; Hawthorne's Dimmesdale, that timid New England minister, is "a descendant of [Richardson's aristocratic rake] Lovelace via [Rousseau's] *Saint-Preux*"; Faulkner's Flem Snopes, the money-grubbing redneck, is "a comic Faust" and the scene in *Sanctuary* where the impotent Popeye watches Temple Drake make love "is projecting a brutal travesty of the American artist, helpless and fascinated before the fact of genital love"; Mark Twain "quite deliberately denied . . . all sexual impulses to Huck Finn and Nigger Jim" (the father of a happy family); Lambert Strether in James' *The Ambassadors* "represents the supreme effort to make of the voyeur a hero and a moral guide" and in this novel James "is reluctant to make explicit the genital facts of the case or, indeed, incapable of revealing them . . ."

What matters about such statements is not merely that they are inaccurate, absurd and sensational, but that they have little to do with literature and even less with that scrupulous loyalty to a work of art which is the critic's primary obligation. Mr. Fiedler cares not about books and writers, but about archetypes, myths, trends, depths and sensations. He tells us, for example, that "to understand the Leatherstocking series . . . is to understand the most deeply underlying image of ourselves" – which seems a very considerable claim for Cooper's novels. A few pages later we read, however, that "Cooper, alas, had all the qualifications for a great American writer except the simple ability to write." But if he lacked this ability, then a fig-leaf for the archetypes, the miscegenation, the "most deeply underlying image" and all the rest.

Mr. Fiedler lacks the one gift – I think it a gift of character – which is funda-

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LISTEN, YANKEE

By C. WRIGHT MILLS
Author of *The Power Elite*
Hardbound edition, $3.95, published by McGRAW-HILL
Paperbound edition, 50¢, published by BALLANTINE BOOKS

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Irving Howe *has recently received a Longview Award for his contributions to* The New Republic *and other magazines.* Herman Singer *is a contributing editor to* Dissent.

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mental to the critic: the willingness to subordinate his own schemes and preconceptions to the actualities of a particular novel or poem, the love or generosity which persuades a critic to see the work in its own terms and not to bend it to his personal or ideological needs.

Another way of saying this is that the critic needs a conscience.

No! In Thunder is a collection of stray pieces, some, like an essay on Whitman as poet of reveries, quite good, and others, like a review on the Yiddish writer Peretz, marred by those little half-mistakes which show that a critic is reaching beyond his secure knowledge. The main interest of the book lies in the opportunity it offers to consider Fiedler as a man of ideas, and perhaps to discover why it is that one finds oneself annoyed by what he writes even when one happens to agree with it. Toward this end I have space only for a note.

Nothing in this book is quite so appalling as Fiedler's cold-war exercises on the Rosenberg and Hiss cases or his *Esquire* story "Nude Croquet," a disgorgement of the bilious self-contempt which has seized so many ex-radical intellectuals, men whose experience was shaped by the thirties but who could come to terms with that era neither through affection nor secure rejection. There is, however, one piece in the book called "The Un-Angry Young Men" which has a representative value.

Here one finds the compulsive desire Fiedler has to proclaim the emptiness and malaise of our intellectual life and to dissolve the distinctions of opinion that remain within it. Employing a crude version of the sociology of knowledge, he races through our intellectual tendencies, full of eagerness to dismiss them all, and not so much because he disagrees with them – he never stops nor stoops to tell us his own views – but because they all seem to him excessively familiar or weary or helpless. Here one finds his characteristic mania for pigeonholing friend and foe, so that all variations of belief become mere tokens of sentimentality or cultural lag; here one finds his utter yearning to be (as they say in Madison Avenue) "on top" of his subject, so that he will not only be the first to notice an intellectual fashion, but will take precedence over all others in dismissing it. In such essays the appearance of Fiedler's writing is all energy and verve, but what lies beneath it is a corrosive knowingness, a void of nihilism. Opinion, the clash of interest, the confrontations of belief – all give way under the pressure of his need to dazzle and display, to thrust his ego between the reader and his ostensible subject, to remain – all else failing – brilliant, brilliant, brilliant to the last bitter and anxious word.

Fugitive from Socialist Realism

by Herman Singer

There is apparently a considerabe amount of "silent" literature being produced in the Communist-dominated countries, works which break sharply with the official doctrine of "socialist realism," and whose origins derive, particularly in the case of works produced in the Soviet Union, from an earlier, more humane literary tradition. Such books are either circulated from hand to hand in the Soviet Union and East Europe or they make fugitive appearance in the West.

The Trial Begins
by Abram Tertz
Translated by Max Hayward
(Pantheon; $2.95)

The most recent such work of which we have knowledge is *The Trial Begins* by Abram Tertz, the pseudonym of a young Soviet writer. In a number of ways, it is probably the most important book – and the most arresting from a literary point of view – of this genre to have reached us. Unlike Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* it deals with the USSR today; unlike Ehrenburg's *The Thaw* and Dudintsev's *Not By Bread Alone*, it cannot be interpreted as giving comfort to a "liberalized" dictatorial regime. Most remarkably, the book is written in a style which has assimilated not only the

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experimental writers of the early days of the Russian Revolution, but the modern culture-heroes, Kafka and Camus.

The Trial Begins plunges directly into the impact of the "Doctors' Plot," one of the final aberrations of Stalin in which the Soviet dictator saw himself imperiled by the threat of assassination by Jewish physicians. This led to a senseless liquidation of Jewish writers, artists and actors, and was generally considered a prelude to another purge in the style of the late thirties. Stalin's illness and death prevented the purge, but it reminded the Russian people how pervasive the hand of tyranny could be.

In a series of sharply-articulated scenes – in turn, ironic, comic, bitter and compassionate – *The Trial Begins* depicts the manner in which Soviet middle-class professionals, though they have already yielded completely to the bureaucracy, are nonetheless destroyed by it, physically or spiritually.

Globov, a Public Prosecutor who might have come out of Gogol, eager to give his life and legal talent to the cause of the state, is happy to find that his assignment is indicting a Jewish doctor accused of abortion. Globov then discovers that his wife – the modern Soviet woman – has been involved in an abortion, in addition to betraying him. More damaging, Globov's precocious son has evolved, quite spontaneously, a "counter-revolutionary" program which is in the reluctantly-admiring words of the counsel for the defense, "pure Trotskyism." The program actually is a combination of every anti-dictatorial concept evolved in the revolutionary history of Russia:

> "Top wages would be paid to charwomen. Cabinet-ministers would be kept on short rations to make sure of their disinterested motives. Money, torture, and thievery would be abolished. Perfect liberty would dawn, and it would be so wonderful that no one would put anyone in jail and everybody would receive according to his needs. The slogans in the streets would be mostly by Mayakovsky; there would also be some by Seryozha [Globov's son], such as 'Beware! You might hurt the feelings of your fellow man!' This was just a reminder, in case people got above themselves. Those who did would be shot."

Although the tone of *The Trial Begins* is contemporary compared to the 19th Century *Dr. Zhivago* there is a similarity in the concern of both books with good and evil.

The Trial Begins ends with what might be interpreted as a symbolic crucifixion scene, in which an entire people is impaled on the cross of tyranny. There can be no doubt of the literary capacity and the intellectual courage of the author. Beneath the satire, the story is profoundly moving – and, perhaps, naïve in its hope that in the West the human values stamped out by the Soviets remain vigorously alive.

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A Dream in Italy

by Susan M. Black

The Light in the Piazza
by Elizabeth Spencer
(McGraw Hill; $3)

Margaret Johnson and her daughter Clara are in Italy for a holiday. As a child, Clara was kicked in the head by a pony. Her chronological age is 26; her mental age is 10. Clara meets and quickly falls in love with a Florentine youth, Fabrizio Naccarelli. She knows no Italian, so how is Fabrizio to know her dreary secret? Miss Spencer's novel dramatizes Margaret Johnson's dilemma. She knows that the right thing to do is to put an end to the romance by telling the Naccarelli family of her daughter's condition. And yet . . . She starts to explain Clara's condition to Fabrizio's father, but at the moment of would-be truth a cannon goes off. She takes her problem to the American consulate and to a Presbyterian minister, but neither the crew-cut diplomat nor the frosty-eyed Scot give her the advice she seeks. She flees with Clara to Rome, but they return to Florence. She writes to her husband (Noel Johnson is at home in Winston-Salem), rejoices that he is coming to get her out of a difficult situation, but then . . . Margaret Johnson enters a duality of knowing what she should and must do and making no motion toward doing it. "Margaret Johnson had a dream, though she thought reality had long ago destroyed it. The dream was that Clara would one day be perfectly well. It was here that Italy had attacked her, and it was this that her surrender involved." Her husband must not be given a chance to smash her dream and so she proceeds quickly and alone. At the end of the book she congratulates herself on playing single-handedly a tricky game in a foreign country, and managing to realize from it the wish of her heart.

Miss Spencer's beautiful tale is quietly told but filled with suspense. Subtly and intricately the author takes us backward in time even as she takes us forward, until there is not a character or a relationship we do not perfectly fathom, nor an aspect of this tragic situation which has not been explored, be it Noel Johnson's simultaneous horror and relief at the thought of his daughter's marriage, or the role of the wealthy bride in Italy, of whom nothing beyond Clara is presumably required. As Jamesian as the thematic notion that Americans confronted with Europe react drastically, is Miss Spencer's attitude of detachment in dealing with her characters and plot and her sensitive apprehension of value judgments. Jamesian too is the prose itself, beginning with the opening sentence: "On a June afternoon at sunset, an American woman and her daughter fended their way along a crowded street in Florence. . . ."

The Light in the Piazza, 110-pages slender, is at once the shortest and the best new novel I have read this year.

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MOVIES

Working on the Cathedral

A failure by Ingmar Bergman is always welcome. All of his pictures seen here have been to some degree failures, yet almost all have contributed to his deserved reputation as one of the most stimulating of contemporary film makers. Even his best work to date, *Wild Strawberries*, leaves much unresolved in symbol and theme, but so much of it is

The Virgin Spring
(Janus)

so beautiful that no viewer can be ungrateful for its existence. When Bergman fails, he does it at a level quite beyond most directors' successes.

He has failed again in his latest film, *The Virgin Spring*, rather more seriously than in *Wild Strawberries* or *The Magician*. But he has once more hurled himself against towering questions; and he has created a film of extraordinary minute-by-minute texture. It is neither paradoxical nor perverse to add that the film is sometimes tedious, occasionally sententious, and architecturally flawed. Those are some of Bergman's hallmarks.

With a screenplay by Ulla Isaksson, who collaborated on *Brink of Life*, Bergman re-tells here a 14th-Century Swedish legend about an innocent girl, traveling through a forest on her way to church, who is raped and murdered; when her body is later lifted from the ground by her grieving parents, a spring of fresh water starts from the spot. Into this legend Bergman has woven the conflict of stubborn paganism fighting the revealed truth; the girl's jealous, pregnant maidservant invokes Odin's curse on her, which is seemingly fulfilled. Bergman demonstrates, too, the inseparability of light and shadow, good and evil. The innocent victim is a spoiled and vain girl. The young brother of the two rapists, who watches their actions dumfoundedly and is sickened, is vindictively slain along with them. The girl's father, who kills the trio when he discovers their guilt, is struck immediately with the inutility of his act and vows to build a church on the murder site in repentance. And the spring flows from the ground at the end as if to certify that God has witnessed all and that the contradictions have all taken place within his knowledge.

Max von Sydow, the stalwart of so many Bergman pictures, is stately as the father, Birgitta Valberg appropriately troubled as the mother. Birgitta Petterson has the right pettish, round-cheeked prettiness for the daughter, and Gunnel Lindblom smolders with saturnine, sensual hate as the maid. The two murderers, Avel Duberg and Tor Isedal, are credibly cruel, therefore frightening. Bergman has helped Ove Porath, as their younger brother, to give a moving little performance.

As might be expected, the sense of medieval life is excellently maintained. For a split second or two, you can find a portion of your mind asking: "How in the world could a camera have been present?" The scenes of violence are superbly done. (An interesting comparison might be made between the rape-murder here and the bathtub murder in *Psycho*. Bergman horrifies us at the act; Hitchcock horrifies us at himself – his cynically adroit exploitation of the act.)

But the bulk of the picture is preparation for a religious-moral charade and exposition after it. It is like looking at a series of scenes on a large medieval tapestry, each well composed, each representing a station on the way to the point of the parable, all of it (except for the visceral moments of sex and blood) rarified and abstract. We are left with the sense that a lesson has been spelled out – in huge, cloudy symbols of a high romance with God.

Intrinsically, too, there are faults. The frog which the maid encloses in a loaf of bread is either too obvious a symbol of the persistence of hate or too obscure a symbol of persistent paganism to be effective. The maid's encounter with the bridge-keeper seems irrelevant. The silence of the maid about the daughter's fate is unexplained. If she feared what the father would do to her, why did she return? If she returned, why didn't she

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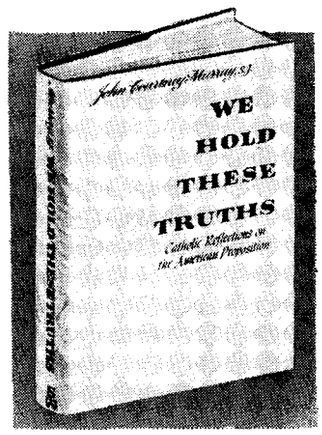

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speak? The vengeance scene is so long that it verges on the ridiculous. The father and mother enter the murderers' chamber, fasten locks, take bags from one man's arms, slam a knife into a table, yet the sleepers never stir. Then the father wakes them and has to kill them separately. Theatrically and otherwise, it is an irrational scene.

Still the film is valuable because of its concerns. In the introduction to his recently published screenplays, Bergman, the son of a Lutheran minister, says, "my father and mother were certainly of vital importance, not only in themselves but because they created a world for me to revolt against." Subsequently he says, "regardless of my own beliefs and my own doubts, which are unimportant in this connection, it is my opinion that art lost its basic creative drive the moment it was separated from worship." Apropos of the re-building of Chartres Cathedral and a figurative contemporary parallel, he says, "regardless of whether I believe or not, whether I am a Christian or not, I would play my part in the collective building of the cathedral." These quotations support a view of Bergman as a Protestant's Protestant, rebelling that he may love, attempting (particularly in this new film) to shear away modern pre-occupation with good deeds in the hope that he may find again the pure strength of Luther's "justification by faith" – salvation by belief alone. He is a kind of cinema Kierkegaard, who sees everyone trying to make life easier and has set out to do what he can to make it harder.

The hazard, which he has by no means escaped, is that his films become essentially arenas of spiritual wrestling rather than disciplined artistic experiences whose prime purpose is emotional involvement of the audience. Even for the most serious viewer, the final result – in this new film as in others – must be called a failure in relation to the totality of its existence as art-work; but it is a failure that serious filmgoers will not want to miss.

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RECORDS

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Bach: Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue and other pieces; Landowska (Angel). Italian Concerto, Partitas Nos. 1 and 2; Gould (Columbia). St. Matthew Passion; Stich-Randall, Rossl-Majdan, Kmentt, Berry, Braun, Vienna Chamber Choirs and State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Woeldike (Vanguard). Mass in B Minor; Alarie, Simoneau, Merriman, Vienna Academy Chorus and State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Scherchen (Westminster; stereo only). Cantatas Nos. 4 and 140; Dutoit, Equiluz, Braun, Vienna Chamber Choir and State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Prohaska (Vanguard).

Beethoven: *Eroica* Symphony; Toscanini and NBC Symphony (Victor). Symphony No. 8; Van Otterloo and Hague Philharmonic (Epic). Piano Concerto No. 3; Gould with New York Philharmonic under Bernstein (Columbia). Violin Concerto; Oistrakh with French Radio Orchestra under Cluytens (Angel). Quartets Op. 18; Budapest Quartet (Columbia). Quartets Opp. 59, 74, 95; Budapest Quartet (Columbia).

Berlioz: *Symphonie Fantastique:* Van Otterloo and Hague Philharmonic (Epic). Overtures: *Roman Carnival, Beatrice and Benedict, Benvenuto Cellini, The Corsair;* Martinon and Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra (London; stereo only). *Requiem;* Simoneau, New England Conservatory Chorus, Boston Symphony, conducted by Munch (Victor).

Bizet: *Carmen;* De los Angeles, Gedda, Micheau, Blanc, French Radio Orchestra, conducted by Beecham (Capitol).

Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1; Harasiewicz with Vienna Symphony under Hollreiser (Epic; monophonic recording preferable). Sonata Op. 35 and other pieces; Harasiewicz (Epic).

Copland: Suites from *Appalachian Spring* and *The Tender Land;* Boston Symphony under Copland (Victor).

Donizetti: *L'Elisir d'Amore;* Carteri, Alva, Panerai, Taddei, La Scala Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Serafin (Angel).

Gabrieli: Canzonas; E. Power Biggs and Boston Brass Ensemble (Columbia).

Handel: *Water Music;* London Philomusica under Thurston Dart (Oiseau-Lyre). *Acis and Galatea,* Sutherland, Pears, Galliver, Brannigan, St. Anthony Singers, London Philomusica, conducted by Boult (Oiseau-Lyre).

Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 99 to 104; Beecham and Royal Philharmonic (Capitol; monophonic recording preferable). Symphony No. 104; Von Karajan and Vienna Philharmonic (Victor). *The Seasons;* Morison, Young, Langdon, Beecham Choral Society, Royal Philharmonic, conducted by Beecham (Capitol).

Mahler: *Das Lied von der Erde;* Dickie, Fischer-Dieskau, Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Kletzki (Angel); Lewis, Forrester, Chicago Symphony, conducted by Reiner (Victor). *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and *Kindertotenlieder;* Christa Ludwig with Philharmonia under Boult and Vandernoot (Angel).

Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; Stern with Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (Columbia).

Mozart: Symphony in G minor; Von Karajan and Vienna Philharmonic (Victor); Symphony K.504 (*Prague*); Maag and London Symphony (London; stereo only). Symphony K.425 (*Linz*), Casals and Festival Casals Or-

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chestra (Columbia). Piano Concertos K.467 and 595; Schnabel (Angel). Clarinet Concerto K.622; De Peyer with London Symphony under Maag (London). Clarinet Quintet K.581; members of Vienna Octet (London). Piano Sonatas K.330 and 282 and Rondo K.485; Fleisher (Epic). *Don Giovanni;* Waechter, Alva, Taddei, Sutherland, Schwarzkopf, Sciutti, Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Giulini (Angel); Siepi, Valletti, Corena, Nilsson, Price, Ratti, Vienna Philharmonic and State Opera Chorus, conducted by Leinsdorf (Victor).

Prokofiev: *Scythian Suite;* Van Remoortel and St. Louis Symphony (Columbia).

Rossini: Arias; Berganza (London).

Schubert: *Unfinished* Symphony; Van Otterloo and Hague Philharmonic (Epic). *Death and the Maiden* Quartet and *Quartettsatz;* Juilliard Quartet (Victor). Violin Sonata Op. 162 and Sonatinas Op. 137; Grumiaux (Epic).

Schumann: Piano Concerto; Cliburn with Chicago Symphony under Reiner (Victor); Fleisher with Cleveland Orchestra under Szell (Epic).

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5; Krips and Vienna Philharmonic (London; stereo only). Violin Concerto; Stern with Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (Columbia). *The Sleeping Beauty;* Ansermet and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London). *Swan Lake;* Ansermet and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London).

Verdi: *Macbeth;* Rysanek, Warren, Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Leinsdorf (Victor).

Vivaldi: *The Four Seasons;* I Musici (Epic).

Wagner: Excerpts from *Tristan und Isolde;* Nilsson with Vienna Philharmonic under Knappertsbusch (London). Excerpts from *Die Meistersinger, Die Walkuere* and *Der fliegende Hollaender;* London with Vienna Philharmonic under Knappertsbusch (London).

Wolf: Songs from the *Spanish Song Book;* Fischer-Dieskau and Moore (Angel).

Collections: Old vocal polyphony; Netherlands Chamber Choir under De Nobel (Epic). Old instrumental pieces; Pro Musica Antiqua of Brussels (Vanguard). Songs by Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, Strauss and Mahler; Christa Ludwig and Moore (Angel). Arias by Donizetti and Verdi; Joan Sutherland (London). Arias from *Fidelio, Don Giovanni, Oberon* and *Der Freischuetz;* Nilsson (Angel). Arias from *Der Freischutz, Fidelio, Medea* and *Alceste;* Farrell (Columbia). Songs by Schubert, Schumann and Strauss; Hotter and Moore (Angel). Pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Schumann and Chopin; Katin (London).

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Eichmann

Sirs:

Giles Playfair's review "Eichmann and the Problem of Justice" (November 21) raises the problem of capital punishment in the Eichmann case. Such an issue is devoid of reality, and the Professor's compassion blinds him to its irrelevance. His catholicity of scholarship surely embraces the apothegm of the great philosopher, Achad Ha-Am: "When we are occupied with humanity, we forget the Jews, and when we are occupied with the Jews we forget humanity."

It is unrealistic to think of Eichmann in any respect as a member of the human race. And our tradition and law does not hesitate to remove a monster wherever found. The destruction of such a beast, guilty of violating the common law – of humanity – transcends normal problems of jurisdiction, procedure or punishment.

Justice Samuel H. Hofstadter
Shirley R. Levittan
New York City

Campaign Coverage

Sirs:

The coverage of this campaign by the daily papers seemed much fairer than in the Eisenhower campaign. But there were two significant failures to present the full facts.

The Administration tried to keep secret a report by a branch of the United States Information Agency that our prestige in the non-Communist European countries was at a low ebb. Since Kennedy had been saying our prestige was low and Nixon had been denying

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it, this attempted suppression was obviously political.

Also, the Administration held back until after the election, although the facts were available before the election, the monthly survey by the Department of Labor showing that unemployment had gone up in October by 191,000, raising the seasonally adjusted rate of joblessness from 5.7 percent to 6.4 percent, since unemployment usually goes down in October. This delay was also clearly for partisan political purposes, since Kennedy had been criticizing the lag in our economic growth, while Nixon was denying such a lag.

Government reports are the necessary source of much of our information, and without information we cannot act wisely. Yet few of the daily papers regarded this partisan suppression of information as an issue worth commenting on.

Alfred Baker Lewis
Old Greenwich, Conn.

The Six-Year-Old Pioneers

Sirs:

A campaign has been started by several graduate students at Harvard to give support to the four six-year old girls who are pioneering elementary school integration in the deep South. Response has been extremely enthusiastic so far in the Boston area: several schools are undertaking class projects to write to the girls; several Boston disc-jockeys and news commentators are encouraging this activity among their listeners; ministers of synagogues and churches are urging their congregations to write; and 700 signatures were collected in Harvard Square for a gigantic greeting card to be sent to the girls.

The names of the four girls are: Tessie, Gail, Leona and Ruby. While their full names and home addresses cannot be revealed, mail should be addressed to them c/o Mr. Arthur Chapital, Sr., 1821 Orleans Ave., New Orleans 16, Louisiana.

I hope the *New Republic's* readers will start similar campaigns in other parts of the country. Mass greeting cards, letters, small gifts, and even donations for a future college scholarship fund would all do much to show these children that they do have friends.

Chester W. Hartman
Cambridge, Mass.

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